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THE DAILY EMPIRE.

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The Josh Billing Papers.

Many have done one thing for the world

that nothing else could have done so well—

it has developed the phoos.

The best kind of advice for me now fol-

low is this: "Pay tow the order of Josh

Billing, 50 dollars, and charge my account

—Josh Billing." I had rather have 10 dol-

lars of this kind of advice than six hun-

dred in Christian consolation; there is

more sense in it.

Although mankind worship wealth, I

will give them credit for one thing—they

seldom mistake it for brains.

Most of the great things have been done

by taking the chances. Prudence has but one

eye, while fortune has a thousand.

If a man had 2 stomachs and 2 outside,

that might be some excuse for adding 10

thousand dollars more each year to his

pile.

I don't read any body else's poetry but

Homer's upon the same principle that I al-

ways drink when it is just as handy, out of

a spring, instead of the outlet.

Treason is one of them kind of stains

that wash well.

If a man has got tow be poor and his life

is not sure, but it would be sum many in

his pocket tow be ignorant.

Fustness, virtue, is always anxious tow

avoid temptation.

You want to transpire a Yankee success-

fully without taking up a good deal with

the roots.

Originality in writing is a difficult art

getting a fish-pole by the side of a trout

brook and the good poles have been cut

long ago.

To copy enuff tow get religion, but tow

hold it, what bothers a feller. A good

grip is better than rubs—yes! than much

diner cloth.

Enjoy a good luff—one that rushes out

of a man's soul like the breaking up of a

Sunday school; but a luff that comes

from the back of the neck, cum, or back

out of a man, like the struggles of a

chicken choked with a chunk of wet

dough, I utterly lament.

There ain't no pretty in poverty, but eny

number of feet of black velvet, or a

woman who knows he is being stared at

it makes him neck as unnatural as

though he was setting for his picture.

I am called a "broad humorist," and I am

glad of it; there is plenty of narrow

humorists in the country without me.

Eny man who will kumpe a woman

tw make a shirt for 20 cents ought to be

filled full of fish hooks and be used for bait

tow catch over sharks with.

Silence is one of the negatiff tow.

A gardener of Gand, has, after many

trials, succeeded in giving any kind of

fruit the flavor he pleases while it is

still on the tree. Let us take an apple

for instance; he picks it rather deeply in

four or five places with a large needle,

and lets it drip for a while in a bowl

containing a liquid possessing the flavor

he wishes to communicate. After a few

seconds this will have penetrated into

the pulp; and this operation being repeated

two or three times, at intervals of eight

or ten days, the apple is left to ripen on

the tree, and will subsequently be found

to have acquired the taste either of

strawberry, raspberry, clove, &c., accord-

ing to the liquid employed.—Galignani.

The London Times, in speaking of

Horace Greeley going on Jeff Davis'

boud, says:

"His conduct is alike creditable to his

humanity and his political judgment.

He has taken the lead in showing gen-

erosity to a fallen opponent, and by so

doing he has done more to restore

union between the North and South

than could have been done by a score of

ultra-Republican orations."

Singular Accident.—Mrs. J. T.

Bresley, of this city, the fifth day after

her marriage, was so badly injured

while biting the nail from her little toe

that her life is despaired of. She fell

over backward, striking her head on the

corner of an iron boot jack, cracking her

skull. She was about retiring for the

night, had taken off her waterfial and

was sitting on the floor as above stated.

—La Crosse Democrat.

Some fellow, who had been jilted, we

should judge, and brought to grief by

some fair one, thus avenges his wrongs:

"Eve did not know as much as her

daughters of the present day. Had they

been in her place, instead of being de-

ceived, they would have deceived the

devil."

A countryman bringing his daughter to

town, said, for all she was brought up

in the country, she was a girl of sense;

"Yes," replied a pretty female, "country

sense." "Why, faith, Madam," replied

the gentleman, "country sense is some-

times better than city impudence."

An Indian chief being asked his opinion

of a cask of Madeira wine presented by

an officer, said he thought it a juice

extracted from women's tongues and lions'

hearts, for after he had drank a bottle of

it he said he could talk for ever and fight

the devil.

A youngster while perusing a chapter

in Genesis, turning to his mother, in-

quired if the people in those days used

to do their sums on the ground? It was

discovered he had been reading the pas-

sage, "And the sons of man multiplied

on the face of the earth."

A correspondent of the New York Her-

ald speaking of Maximilian's bearing

during his imprisonment, says:

Maximilian's chief companion is Prince

Salm-Salm, so well remembered in the

army of the Confederation, and who proved

himself during the siege one of the

best and bravest officers in the whole

imperial service. Together they sit and

play cards, or discuss with vivid inter-

est, not their own probable fate, but the

politics of Germany and America. With

all the vicissitudes of his fortune the

archduke loses none of his warm sym-

pathy for the United States. Anything and

everything American has a strange at-

traction for him. He listens to Prince

Salm-Salm's reminiscence of the great

war with rapt attention; and hearing the

story of Chickamauga, Atlanta and

Vicksburg often expresses his longing to

visit the scenes of such memorable events.

Then, the subject changing, German poli-

tics will come upon the carpet, and

Maximilian, with grave deprecatory face,

will bewail the short-sightedness and re-

actionary tendencies of his brother, the

Austrian emperor, advancing statements

on his own part broad and liberal enough

for any fourth of July oration. A strange

picture is it not? Maximilian, tall and

erect still, his blue eyes kindling and his

great blonde beard quivering with excite-

ment, while Salm-Salm, from whose eye

the inevitable eye-glass has fallen in the

earnestness of the moment, speaks of

some of the leading episodes of the

American war, and with the modesty of

true bravery claims for himself only a

spectator's part in the actions he so vividly

describes. A Mexican dungeon encloses

them the while and a court martial com-

posed, they say, of three captains and a

lieutenant colonel, only waits the word of

long-eared Escobedo, the ex-mule driver

to condemn them to death.

I am glad this coffee don't owe me

any thing, said a book-keeper to his wife

the other morning at breakfast. "Why

so?" was the question. "Because I don't

believe it would ever settle."

Girls will differ—one of them lately

broke her neck in trying to escape being

kissed, and we have known a great

many of them ready to break their necks

to get kissed.

Miss Manning, the author of 'Mary

Powell,' is the only female writer over

forty, whose age can be ascertained. She

was confessedly born in 1812.

An Irish paper has the following re-

mark: "The Americans and English ed-

ucate their children in the fear of God and